The Jeſuits ſpeak their merrits.

Moſt Holy Father, we do much admire
Your weighty Goodneſs, and your Reverend Sire,
Whoſe helping hand doth for us turn the Scale,
By him we have, and do, and ſhall prevail;
'Tis not Heavens Power that ſhall fruſtrate this
Moſt Brave deſign, which in the MEAL-TUB is;
Nor *Presbyterians* ſave their hated Throats,
Now at the laſt, by a Damn'd tell-tale *Oats*.
If Hell (for Heaven we matter not) Conceal
This Bleſt Intreague, by all our Gods the MEAL
Shall have high honour, on our Altars that
Made into Gods be worſhipt ſmoaking hot.
This matchleſs Treaſon, makes it holy all——
White as from Tower ſcrapt, or Weſt-ward Hall;
This wonder-working Euch'riſt ſhall do more
Than Jeſuits Powder, Pentioner, or Whore,
Or all the Baffled Plots we e're Contriv'd before,
'Twill make the Herreticks all agaſt to ſee
Themſelves the Plotters, murdered Legally.
And make us fat with Laughing, how they will
Divided fall and one another Kill: ——
'Tis holy ſport to ſee their blood run down
In every Channel of the Burned Town,
While Changling *Robin*, Bugbear in the City,
Dye the *Green Ribbons* Red; by Hell that's pretty:
Then ſhall that Mote, in Northern eye be ſped,
After Exile call'd back to loſe his head.
But theſe are ſcraps of what our TUB contains,
And do theſe Coxcombs, with their addled Brains,
Think e're to weigh us down with Ale and Grains?
No Punies know, your Reeling throng's out-done,
Wee'l make all *England* ſtagger e're't be Long:
But talking's Idle, let's toaction come,
And ſtrike the ſtroak, may Ruine Chriſtendom.